

## The Sweet Melodies

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Summary: What if Mike Schmidt had a sister? What if his sister found out about the goings-on at Freddy Fazbear's Pizza when the lights go out? What would she do to protect her older brother?

## The Sweet Melodies

**\*\*Hey everyone. Remember when I said I was going to work on getting my stories prewritten so that I could have a consistent upload schedule? Well, I'm still working on it, but not updating for so long was making me feel ashamed, so I thought I'd show you guys some of what I've been working on. I promise that neither of my other two stories have been abandoned; I will get back to them eventually. However, at this time my inspiration for those two is at a standstill, and I got really into the fandoms of FNAF and Undertale, so those stories have picked up a lot of steam. This is my first FNAF fanfiction that I started several months ago, so let's get right into it!\*\***

**\*\*Disclaimer: I don't own Five Nights at Freddy's! Scott Cawthon is the genius that holds that honor.\*\***

**\*\*Chapter 1: Help Wanted \*\***

\_Hi! My name is Melody Schmidt. I'm 13 years old, and I live with my older brother Mike. Our parents went on a cruise a few years ago and they never came back. Mike keeps saying that they're lost at sea, not dead, but we both know they're not coming back. It's just easier to deal with it if we don't say it aloud. I still miss them, of course, but it also had a different effect on me. See, I've always liked helping others, but since Mom and Dad disappeared, I've been determined to never let anyone become as sad as Mike and I. I stayed with our aunt until Mike finished college and came back to care for me. Mike keeps taking odd jobs so he can support the both of us. He just got a new job as a night guard at Freddy Fazbear's Pizzeria, actually.\_

I walked tiredly in the door of Jeremy's house and tossed my coat at the closet. It landed on top of all the other coats, just like it was supposed to.

"Melody?" I heard my brother call from the kitchen. In the back of my mind, something didn't feel right, but mostly I was just happy to hear his voice. I hardly ever got to see him, since he was always at work.

"Hi Mike!" I said brightly as I walked into the kitchen and slung my backpack off my shoulder and onto the floor. "I haven't seen you in so long!"

He laughed. "You saw me last weekend, sis."

"I know!" I exclaimed. "That was so long ago!"

Mike rolled his eyes and gestured at my bag. "Homework?"

"Yeah..." I muttered. "I hate math class."

"Want some help?" He asked with a smile. "Math always came to me a little more easily than the other subjects."

"That'd be great, thanks." I sighed as I set my math book on the table.

"So where's Jeremy?" My brother asked as he showed me how to do number 7.

"Probably still at Freddy's. I mean, his shift doesn't end until 9:00."

"I thought he got off at 6:00 on Sundays though." Mike recalled.

I shrugged. "It's still only 5:30."

I guess I should explain who we're talking about. Jeremy Fitzgerald is my brother's best friend; has been since they were in 2nd grade. Mike probably spent as much time at Jeremy's house as he did at ours. They were as close as brothers. When Jeremy heard about what happened to our parents, he told Mike that we were free to stay with him as long as we needed to. Mike gratefully accepted the invitation, but he wouldn't let Jeremy do anymore providing for us, saying that we'd just be staying until he found a steady source of income. Unfortunately, that turned out to be much longer than expected; yet Jeremy never complains.

Thinking about Jeremy caused something to click in my mind. "Mike," I questioned with a frown, "why are you home so early? I thought your shift at the factory ended at 8:45."

Mike froze, the pencil hovering over the paper. He grimaced. "Melody—"

I cut him off. "Remember the rule Mike."

He sighed. After Mom and Dad vanished, Mike and I had promised each other one thing: No secrets. If he asked me a question, I had to answer honestly, no matter what the question was about, and vice

versa. "I got fired today, Melody." He replied quietly, looking down at the table. I stared at him, unsure if I had heard him right. He'd been fired?

We finished the rest of the homework, but my mind was wandering. I couldn't understand why my brother of all people would get fired. He was one of the best employees there was! After I finished my homework, I went down to my room, which was the guest room.

I logged in to my computer and turned on my iPod. Listening to music always calmed me down and cleared my mind. I stayed down there, checking my email and social media until I heard the door open and close. \_'\_\_\_Jeremy must be back.'\_ I walked upstairs but paused on the landing, hearing Mike and Jeremy talking in hushed tones. Yes, Mike and I tell each other everything, but wouldn't you eavesdrop if your legal guardian and the person who owns the house you lived in were talking?

"...don't know what to do." Mike was saying despairingly. "The foreman deserved it and I don't regret it at all, but there are only so many job opportunities here."

"But you don't have enough money to get your own place yet, right?" Jeremy questioned, and I could practically hear his contemplative frown.

"No." Mike sighed. "If I could keep a job for more than a few months, I might. I'm really sorry about this. It was only supposed to be a month or two, but we've been a burden to you for a year and a half now."

"Stop that!" Jeremy said, punching him on the shoulder. "Stop saying that you're being a burden. You guys are way too low maintenance to be an issue." This earned a chuckle from my brother. "Enough depressing stuff. Is your sister downstairs? I got to take home a couple of the extra pizzas today."

"Yeah." Mike said, "I'll go get her."

\_'\_Uh-oh.'\_ I thought. \_'I don't want to have to explain this.'\_ Yes, Mike and I had promised to tell the truth, but only if someone asked. I retreated down a few steps, then started to go back up as he stepped onto the landing.

"Oh hey." He said in mild surprise. "Want some pizza?"

A few minutes later, all three of us were seated in front of the TV, munching on slices of hamburger. Jeremy and I were fighting over which movie to watch.

"We've seen The Avengers a dozen times!" I yelled.

"That's the beauty of it!" He argued. "It's such a good movie, it never gets old!"

Meanwhile, Mike was scanning the paper for jobs and open houses. "Hey Melody, you okay with going to an open house on Saturday?"

"As long as it's not one we've already been to." I replied.

Suddenly, Jeremy sat bolt upright. "I'm an idiot!" He exclaimed.

"Are you just now reaching that conclusion?" Mike asked.

Jeremy rolled his eyes and continued. "We just had an opportunity open up at the pizzeria. I can't believe that I didn't think of this before!"

"Wait, really?" I asked in disbelief.

He nodded. "The old guy quit this morning. Guess he found something better."

"What's the position?" Mike asked. "Actually, I don't care. When can I apply?"

"Come with me to work tomorrow." Jeremy said. "They haven't even started running an ad in the paper yet, so you shouldn't have any competition. If all goes well, you'll be the new night guard at Freddy Fazbear's Pizzeria."

\*\*So as you're probably already guessed, the canon is completely out the window in this story. Also, I think I mentioned this already, but right now Jeremy is the day guard. Like I said, I'm not completely ready to have a consistent update schedule, but I'll do my best to post something in... two weeks? Yeah two weeks sounds good. Alright, see you then!\*\*

End  
file.